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SARGE SNORKEL

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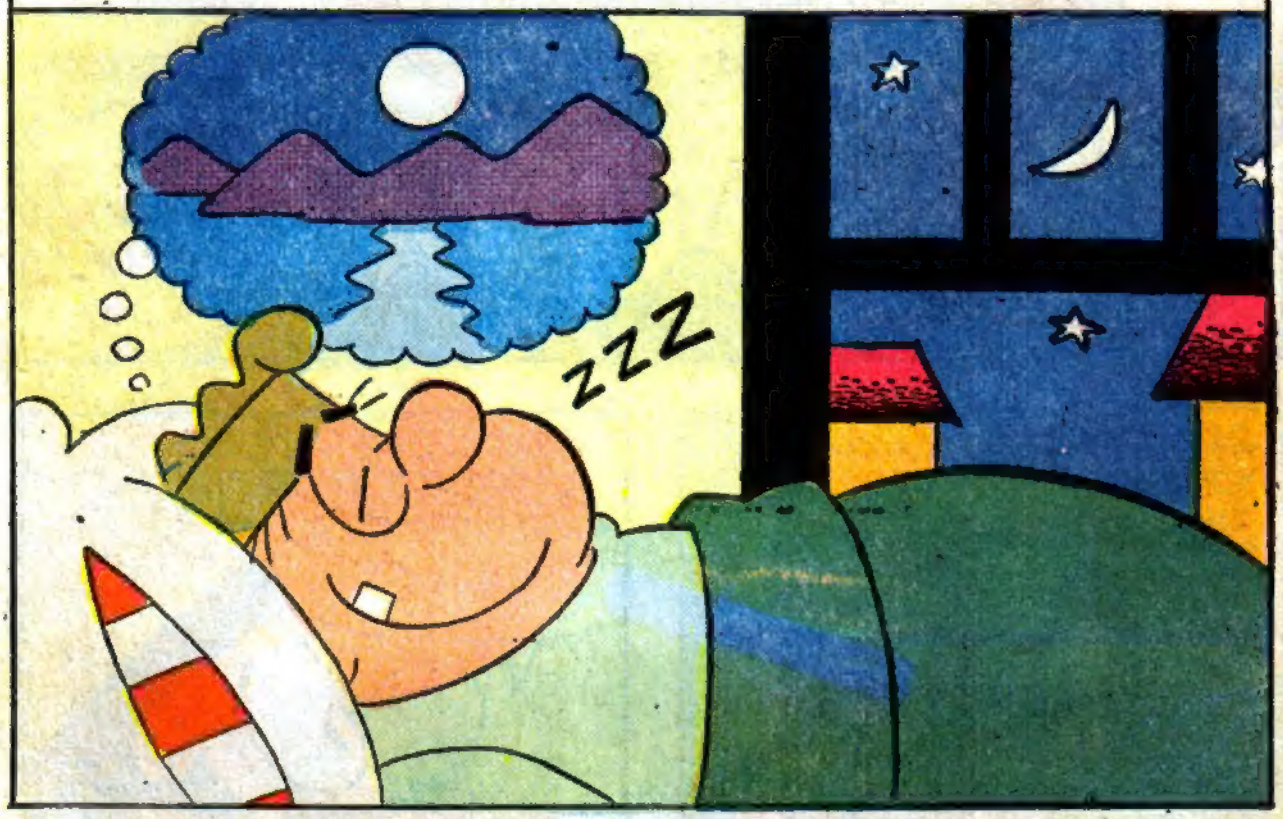
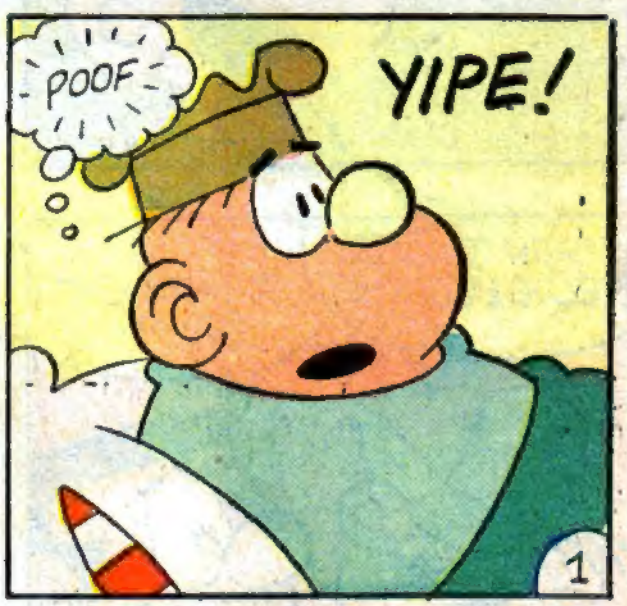
MORT WALKER

SARGE SNORKEL in: LUNACY





SARGE SNORKEL

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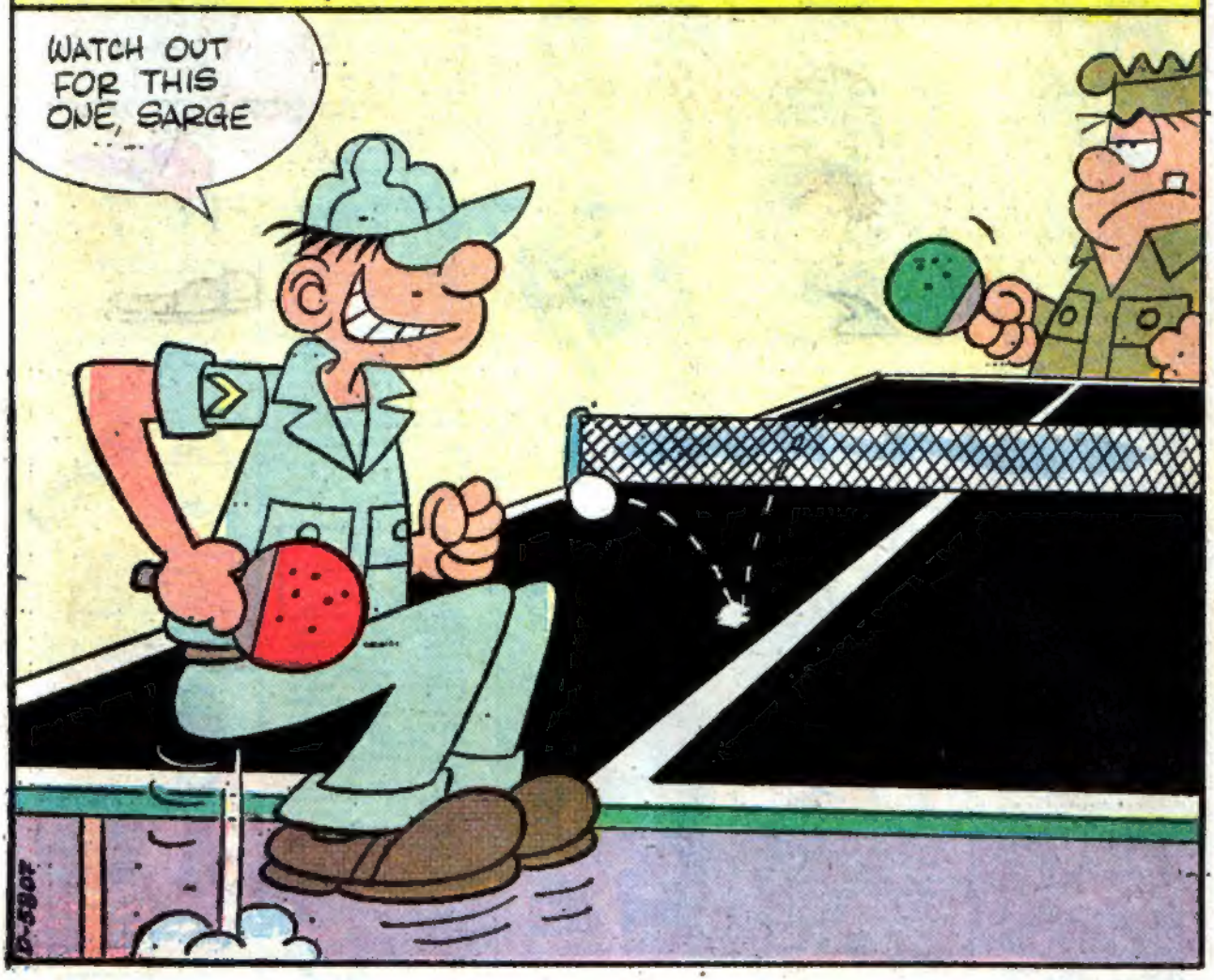
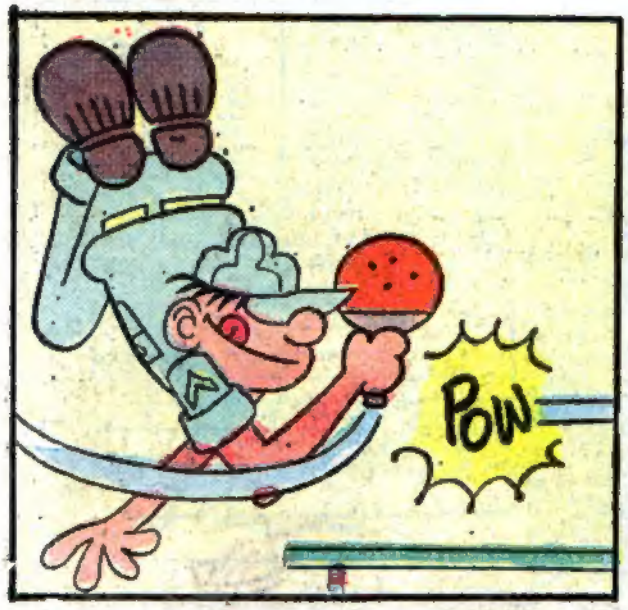
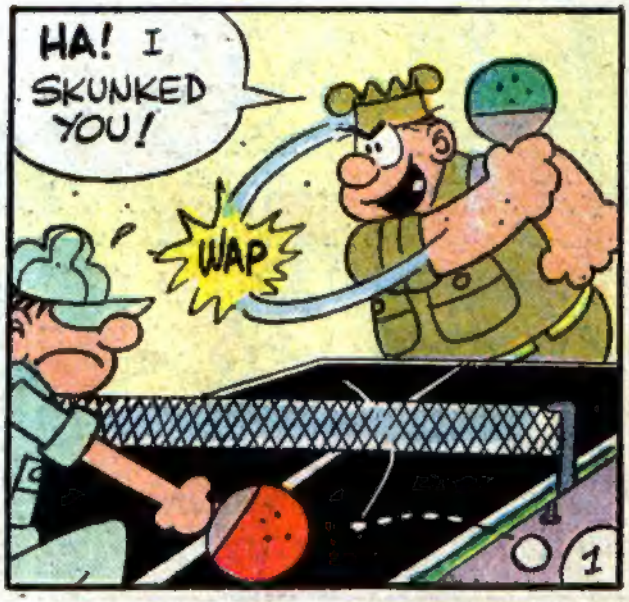
♫ BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY POTATO ♫
HEY, KILLER, DOESN'T THIS POTATO LOOK LIKE THE MAN IN THE MOON?
OH SHUT UP
END

SARGE & ZERO
SARGE, ARE YOU GOING TO TOWN..TONIGHT?
NO, ZERO. I'M GOING TO STAY AND WATCH T.V.
WELL, I HAVE TWO TICKETS TO THE CIRCUS. WANT TO GO?
GEE, ZERO. THAT'S NICE OF YOU
I'M HONORED. NOT MANY ENLISTED MEN WOULD ASK THEIR SERGEANT TO GO TO THE CIRCUS WITH THEM
D-5809
BUT AREN'T YOU AFRAID THE OTHER GUYS WILL RESENT YOU TAKING ME INSTEAD OF ONE OF THEM?
HECK NO!
THEY BOUGHT THE TICKETS
BREAK OUT THE CARDS AND CHIPS
BEER
END

SARGE in HANDY-CAP







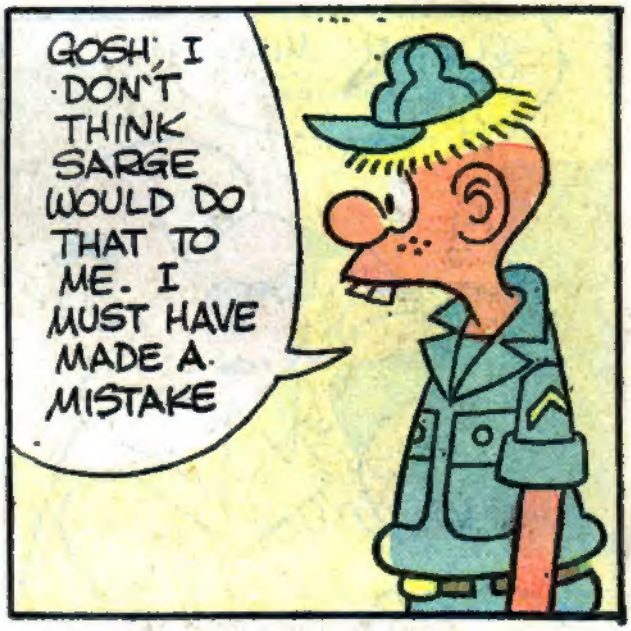
HEY, EVERYBODY! I SKUNKED BEETLE ... 21 TO 0!
BOY!
SOME CRUMMY WINNER YOU ARE ... BLABBING ABOUT YOUR VICTORY TO EVERYBODY!
DOES SPARKY LYLE GO AROUND CROWING EVERY TIME HE PITCHES A SHUT OUT?
DO BOB GRIESE, ARNOLD PALMER, BILL BRADLEY CHEER EVERY TIME THEY WIN BIG?!
WELL, THEY GET BETTER ODDS
THEY DON'T HAVE TO PLAY WITH THEIR SHOES NAILED TO THE FLOOR.
GRUMBLE
END

Sarge in: An Errand for Zero

OH BOY! I GOT A JOB! GOTTA GET A SKY HOOK!

I WONDER WHAT A SKY HOOK IS

HEY, BEETLE! SARGE WANTS ME TO GET HIM A SKY HOOK AND I ...
HA HA! THAT'S THE OLDEST GAG IN THE WORLD AND YOU FELL FOR IT! HA HA!


GOSH, I DON'T THINK SARGE WOULD DO THAT TO ME. I MUST HAVE MADE A MISTAKE

LET'S SEE, SKY HOOK? SKY BOOK? SKY COOK! THAT'S IT!

I'LL JUST CALL THE AIRPORT
2

WHAZZAT?.. FIVE COOKS? I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO
ROAR
GATE 6
I'LL CALL MIKE THE BAKER
HEY, MIKE, I WONDERED IF YOU COULD HELP ME OUT..
WHA?..OH, GOTCHA, MELL, I'LL SEND SOME OF DA BOYS OVER DERE
CRACKLE SPUTTER
BIG MIKE TOLD US YA WANT US TA PULL OFF AN AIRPLANE JOB
FIVE CROOKS?
END

Fall Out!

Retaliation

This may be one of the oldest military stories in the world. It goes back to the days of the Romans. Flavius was commander of the famous Roman Sixth Legion, one of the finest fighting forces in the known world — always won every battle and campaign. And now, Flavius had returned from another victory to Rome. He was resting in his villa outside the city.

His wife had a pet ocelot — a little one. But just the same, Flavius didn't like the idea when his wife let it roam through the rooms and the garden. He had with him the dozen soldiers of his personal bodyguard.

Then he heard his wife utter one of those chilling screams. He immediately rushed out to the garden. There his wife was hugging her pet ocelot.

"That miserable soldier of yours dared to try to stab my pet with his sword. I want his head on a silver tray. Get rid of him at once."

The soldier was Antonius, brave and not too bright. So his commander walked with him to the edge of the garden and then spoke.

"What did that nuisance do to you?" he said with obvious sympathy.

"He tried to bite me. So I retaliated. Gave him a little jolt with the edge of my sword."

"But you could have used the back of your sword to hit him," pointed out Flavius. "Didn't you think of it?"

"I did," was the quick reply. "If he had hit me with his tail from his back, then I would have responded with the back of my sword."

******

Honor Guard

Whenever a very important dignitary from abroad visits this country, there is an Honor Guard at the airport. I shall assume you have seen this on T.V. The men are so erect that you do not even see them move an eyelash. The same goes abroad. In England, you have the Queen's Guard. And one, Patrick Howell, was the latest recruit to join it.

It was one of those very muggy days; and for two hours, the Honor Guard was at attention. It was too much for this young man. He just fell down flat on the ground. Not another soldier even looked at him. When the order came to advance, they just went gently over his body. Then he was picked up and given first aid.

"I think he is dead," said the first-aider. "Get the ambulance here at once."

In the ambulance, they worked over him — not a sign of life. But they continued on their way to the army hospital. There were again attempts made to bring him back to the land of the living. One of the nurses sighed.

"So young and handsome. Let me give him a farewell kiss." Which she did. And then he opened his eyes and smiled at her.

"You were dead," said Dr. Bromberg. "So tell us how it feels to be dead. It will help medical science."

"I wasn't dead," explained the young soldier. "This I know for a certainty. My two feet feel cold. So that means, I couldn't have been in the lower regions of the Dead. And since I am hungry, that means I couldn't have been above, because then I wouldn't have been hungry. I want to date that nurse."

****

Two Black Eyes

For one year, he worked as a substitute clerk in the post office. Then his Uncle Sam sent him greetings, and thus he was informed he would soon wear a military uniform. His name was Ethelbert Morrison. He had a sort of a sad face. Men were always sorry for him, and women want to give him sympathy.

Lieutenant Woodridge looked over his background at the induction center, then smiled.

"We need you in our Army post office here. You have been given the highest recommendations by your superiors. Our mail here is just one big snafu. As soon as you finish your basic training, you will be our new mail clerk."

And that is exactly what happened. He was polite, helpful, and very efficient — always willing to help any soldier who couldn't remember the needed zone number. One of his rewards was that he always received a week-end pass.

On this particular Monday when he reported back to base, he had two black eyes. Sergeant Donnelly echoed the thoughts of the men there.

"Whoever gave him those shiners — we'll take care of them bums."

So at once he asked Ethelbert Morrison how they were obtained.

"That right black eye," sighed the mail clerk, "Janice gave it to me when she learned I was also going out with Helene."

"And how did you get the other black eye?" persisted the Sergeant.

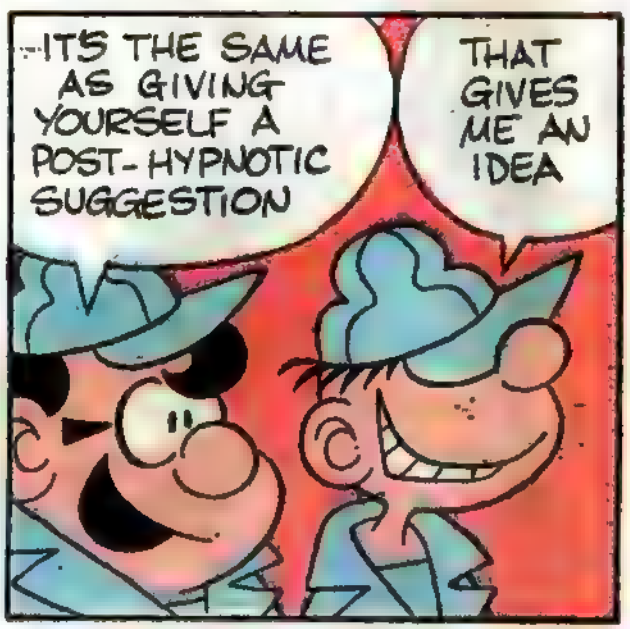
"Well, you see, Helene gave me that one when she learned I was also going out with Janice."

******

SARGE SNORKEL IN THE GOOD SUGGESTION

WHAT'S SLEEPLEARNING?
THAT'S WHEN YOU PUT INFORMATION ON A TAPE RECORDER AND YOU LET IT PLAY BACK AS YOU SLEEP..

..IN THE MORNING YOU WAKE UP AND AUTOMATICALLY REMEMBER EVERYTHING ON THE TAPE!


..IT'S THE SAME AS GIVING YOURSELF A POST-HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION
THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA

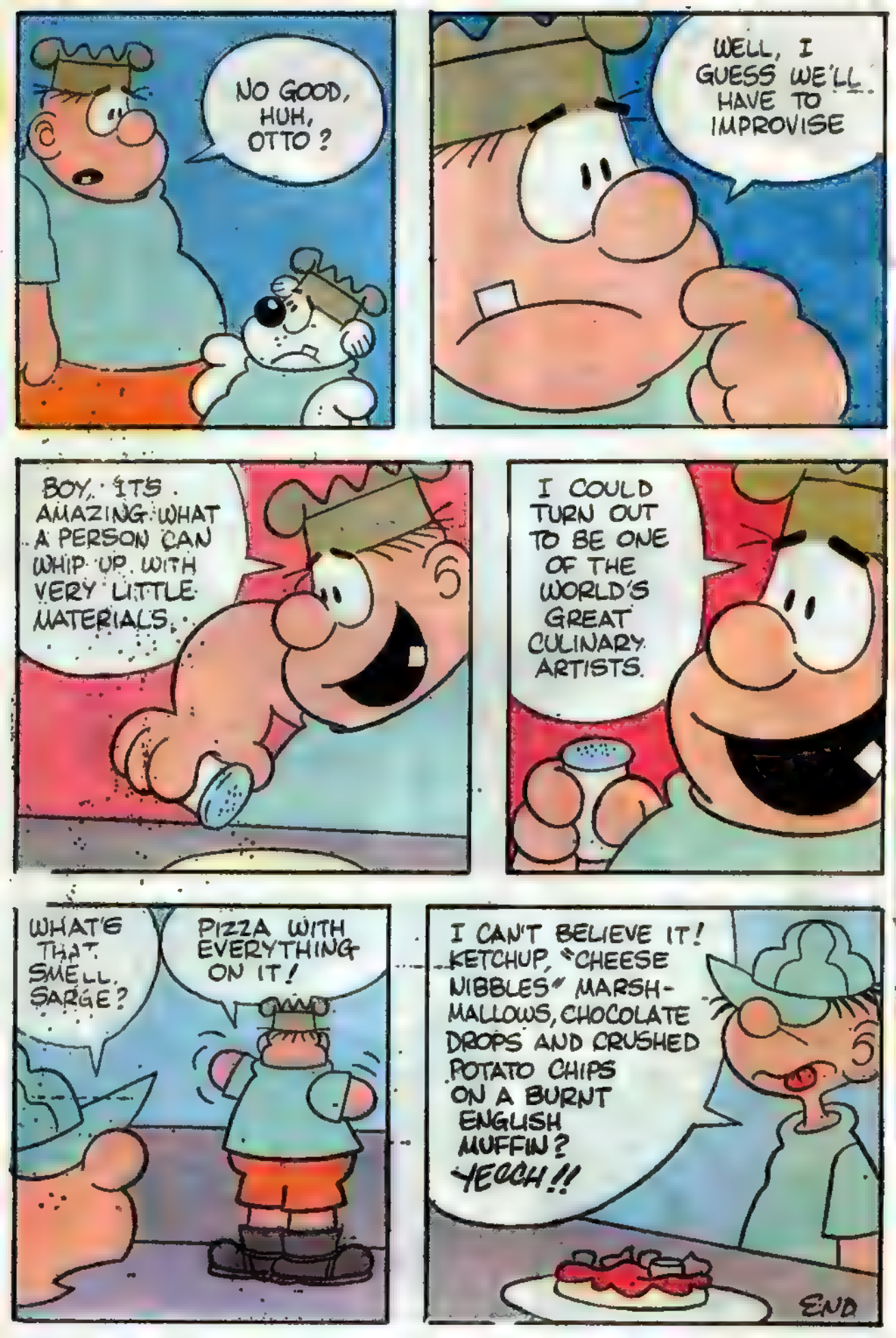
THERE! IT'S ALL PROGRAMMED! I THINK I'LL GET A SNACK BEFORE GOING TO SLEEP

NO SIGN OF HIM
GOOD! NOW WE CAN ADD SOME OF OUR OWN SUGGESTIONS
2

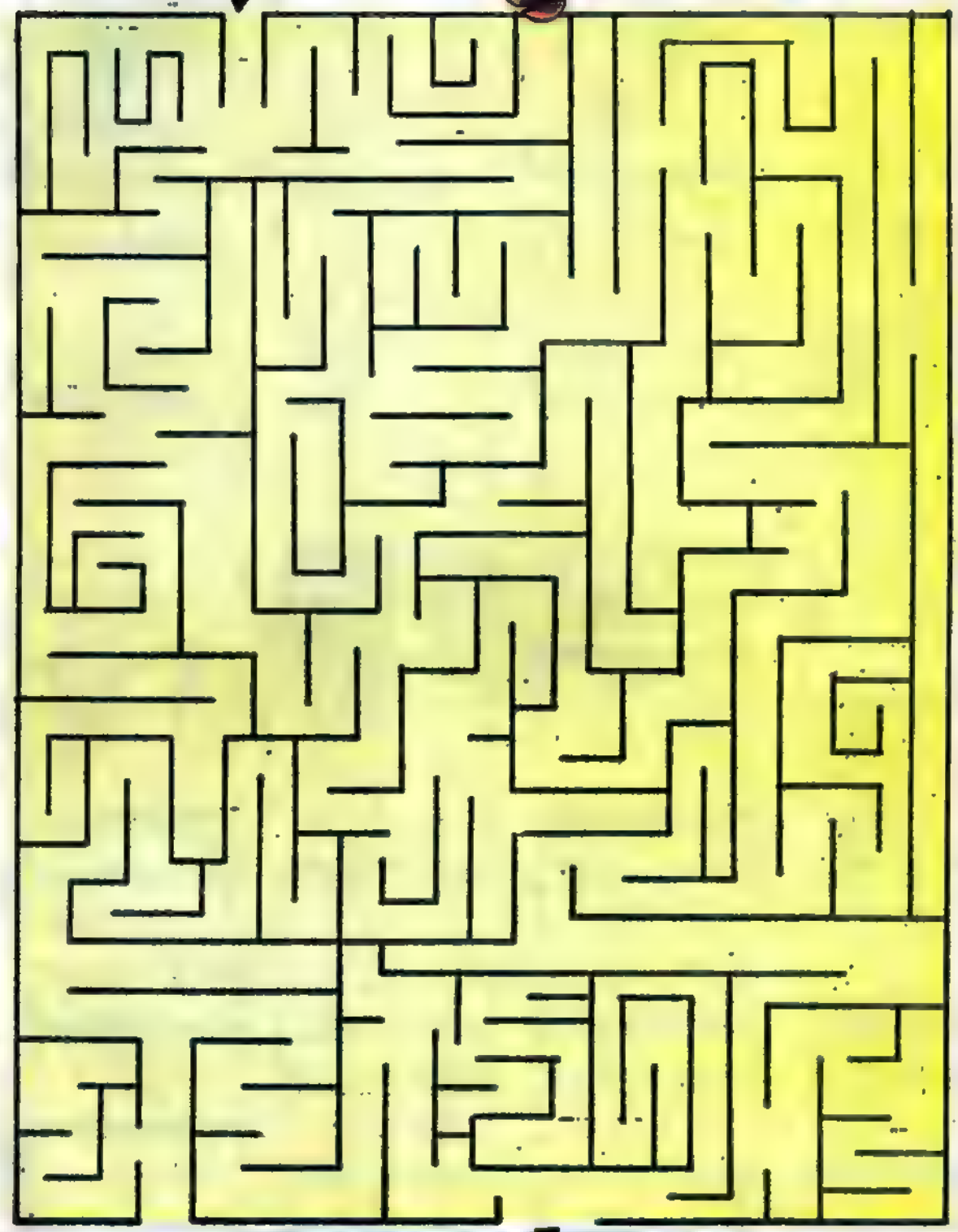
HO HUM--TIME TO HIT THE SACK. I'LL JUST SWITCH THIS ON AND--
--TOMORROW I'LL BE A BETTER MAN
NEXT DAY!
AND I WAS GOING TO PROMOTE HIM
WHAT NOW?
I'M LOSING MY HEART OVER YOU
THAT ISN'T ALL HE'S LOSING
BOOP A DOOP
ZIP
END

SARGE SNORKEL in: DESPERATION

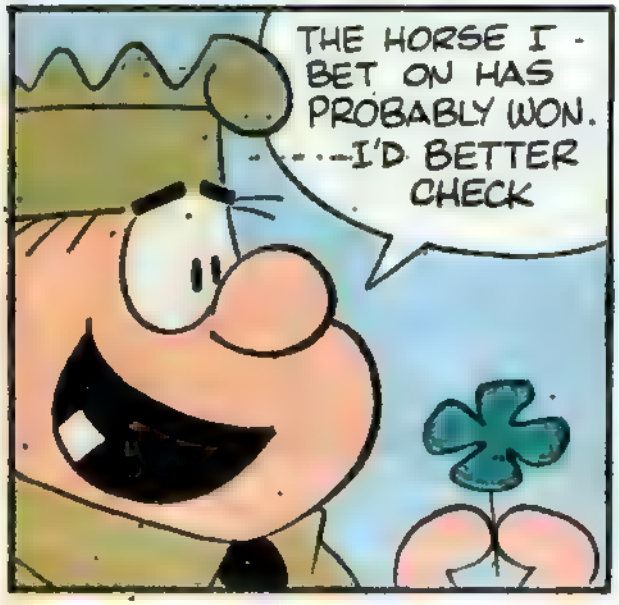
I'LL CALL MAMA ROSA'S AND ORDER US A COUPLE OF PIZZAS
NO ANSWER
EITHER THEY'RE TOO BUSY TO ANSWER THE PHONE OR THEY'RE CLOSED TODAY
I'D HATE TO GET DRESSED AND DRIVE ALL THE WAY OVER THERE ——FOR NOTHING
MAYBE WE CAN SEE IF THEIR LIGHTS ARE ON ——FROM HERE, OTTO.
NOW WHAT?
2


NO GOOD, HUH, OTTO?
WELL, I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO IMPROVISE
BOY, IT'S AMAZING WHAT A PERSON CAN WHIP UP WITH VERY LITTLE MATERIALS.
I COULD TURN OUT TO BE ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT CULINARY ARTISTS.
WHAT'S THAT SMELL, SARGE?
PIZZA WITH EVERYTHING ON IT!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! KETCHUP, "CHEESE NIBBLES" MARSHMALLOWS, CHOCOLATE DROPS AND CRUSHED POTATO CHIPS ON A BURNT ENGLISH MUFFIN? YEOCH!!
END

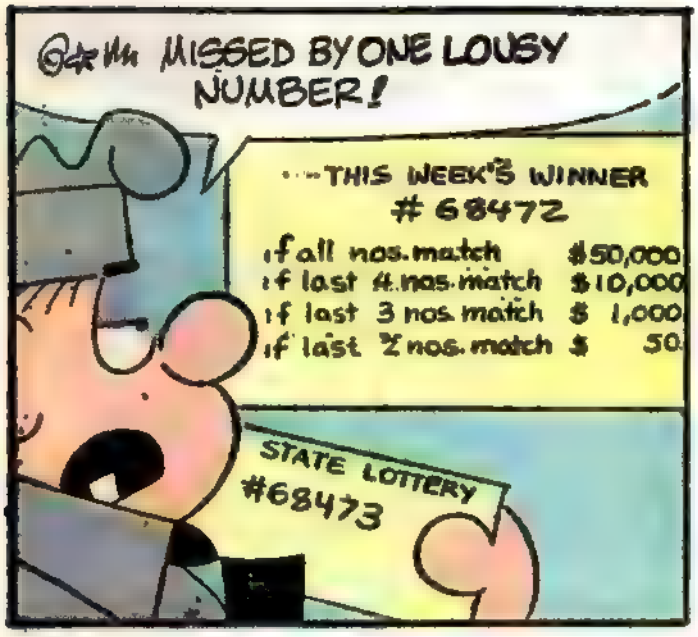
HELP GET SARGE TO THE MESS HALL BEFORE IT CLOSES!



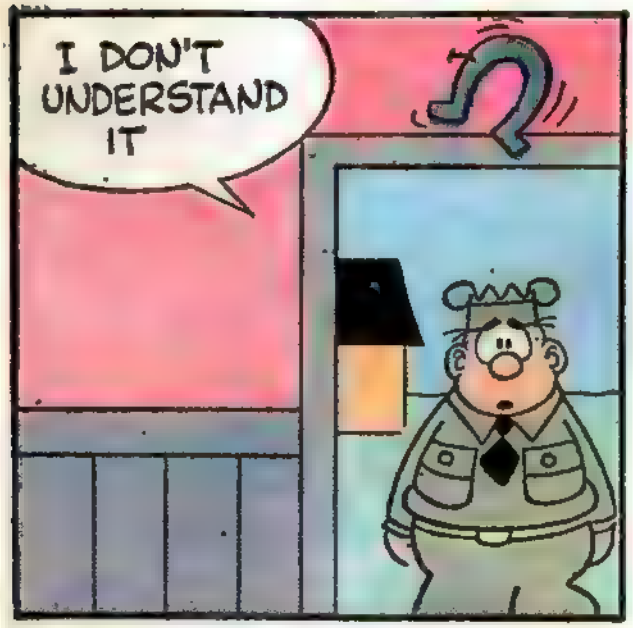
SARGE'S LUCKY DAY



HMM..WELL, MAYBE I GOT MY PROMOTION
NOT EVEN A PIECE OF JUNK MAIL
SARGE
SLABBAR
FUZZ
WELL, I KNOW SOMETHING HAS TO GO RIGHT TODAY..A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER IS ALWAYS LUCKY
I KNOW! MY STATE LOTTERY TICKET!
I HAD A FEELING I WOULD WIN THE LOTTERY SOME DAY
POST OFFICE
2

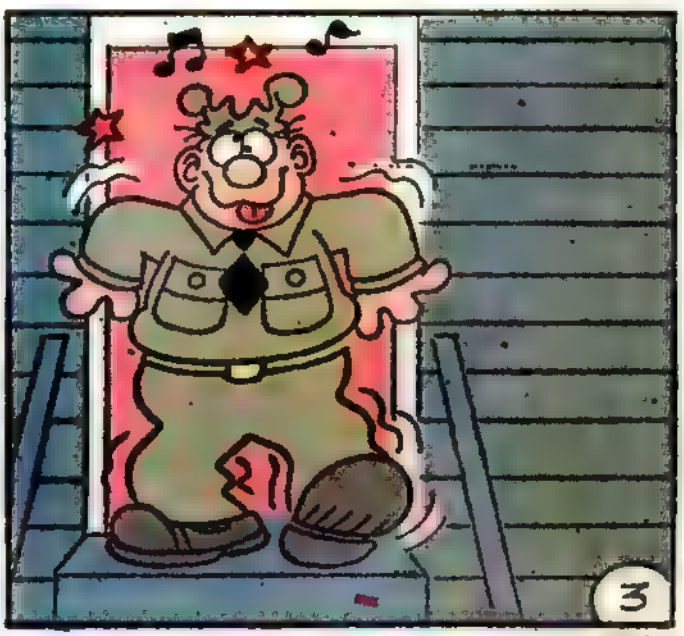

MISSED BY ONE LOUSY NUMBER!
...THIS WEEK'S WINNER
68472
if all nos. match $50,000
if last 4 nos. match $10,000
if last 3 nos. match $ 1,000
if last 2 nos. match $ 50
STATE LOTTERY
#68473

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! SOMETHING HAS TO GO RIGHT!


I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT

BUT I CAN'T GIVE UP HOPE

BONG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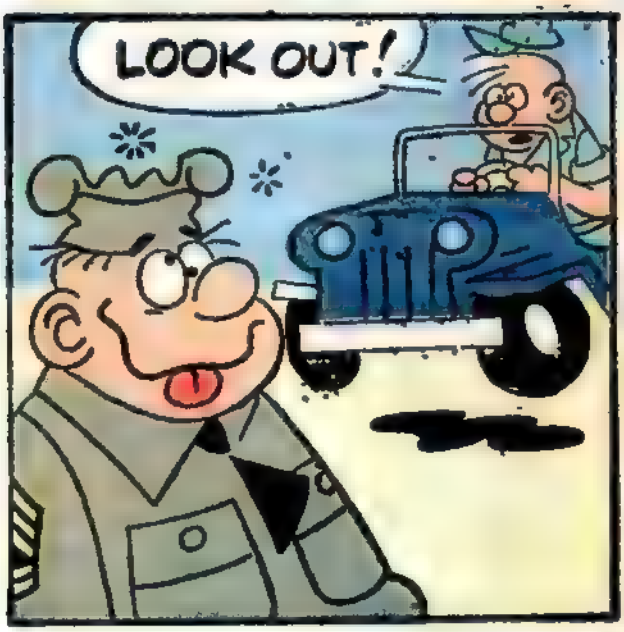
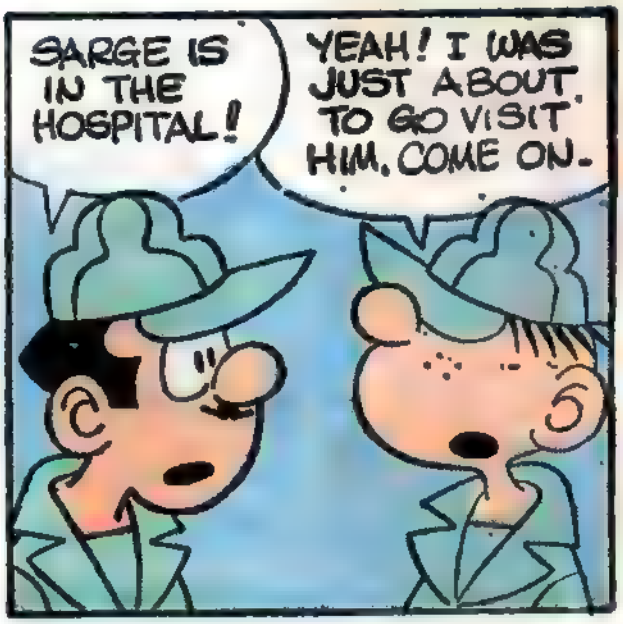

LOOK OUT!

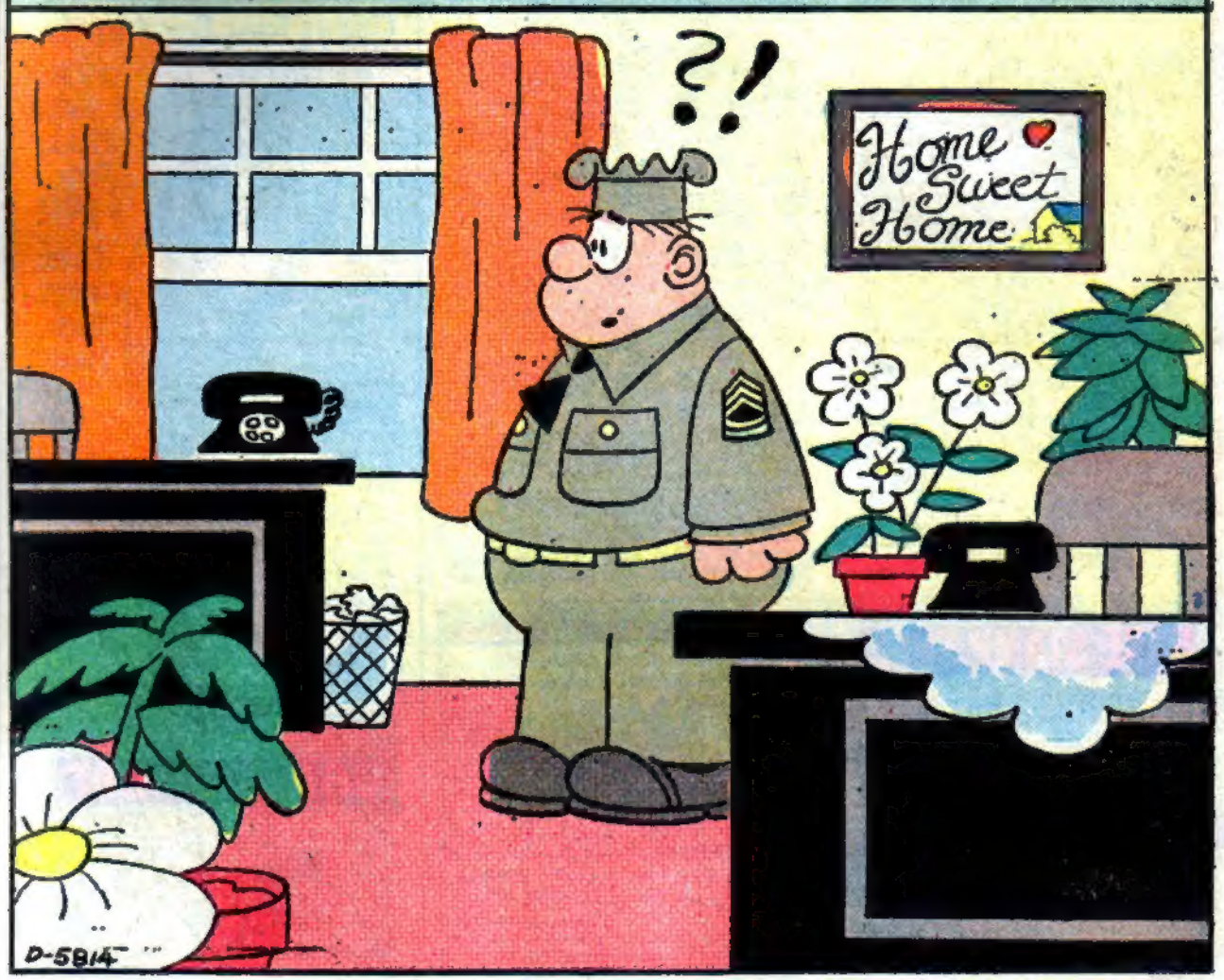
CRASH

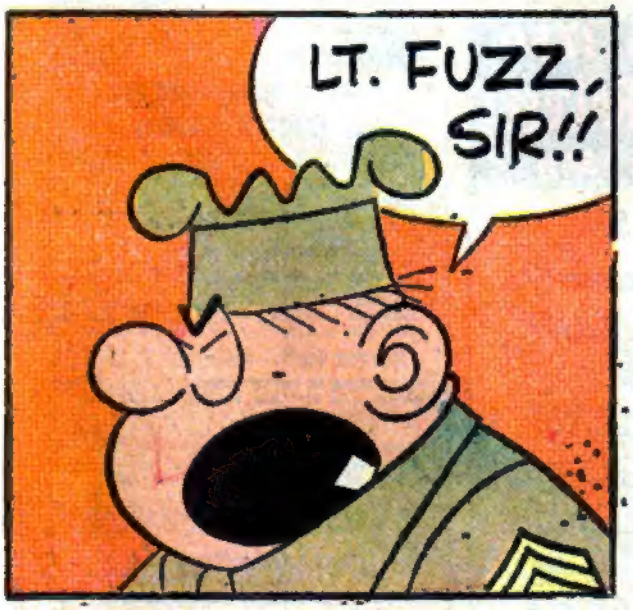

SARGE IS IN THE HOSPITAL!
YEAH! I WAS JUST ABOUT TO GO VISIT HIM. COME ON.

BOY! WHAT A DAY!!
4

MIGHT AS WELL SEE WHAT'S ON TV
CLICK
OH BOY! A JOHN WAYNE MOVIE!
EXCUSE ME, SIR. WOULD YOU LIKE SOME SUPPER?
WOW!
I KNEW THIS WOULD BE MY LUCKY DAY!
POOR SARGE, HE'LL TRY TO MAKE THE BEST OF ANY SITUATION
ARE YOU KIDDING?! SARGE'S IDEA OF HEAVEN IS A FREE HAMBURGER AND A FRONT ROW SEAT AT A SHOWING OF "TRUE GRIT" ...
HOWDY PARDNER
END

SARGE SNORKEL in: FLOWER POWER





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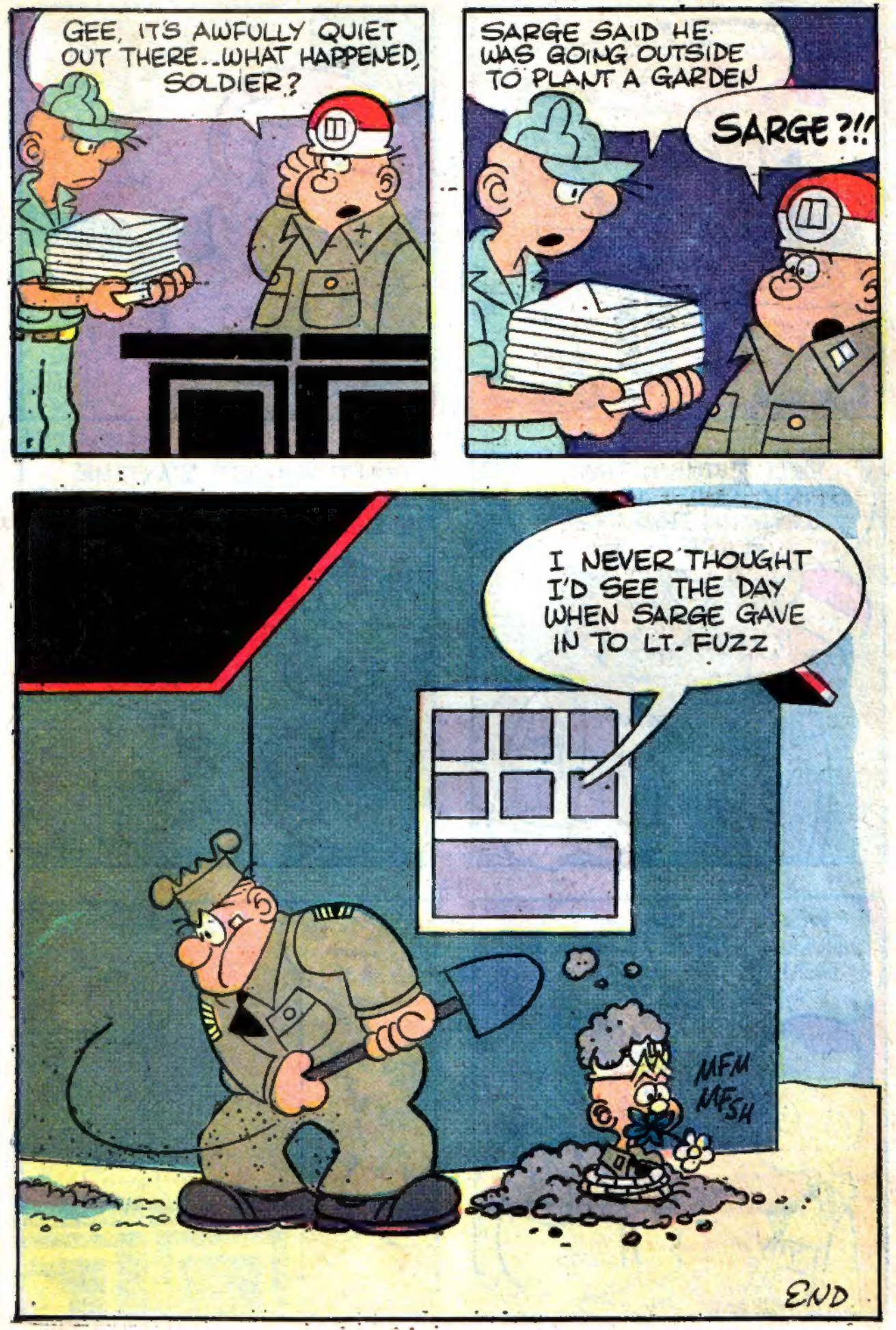
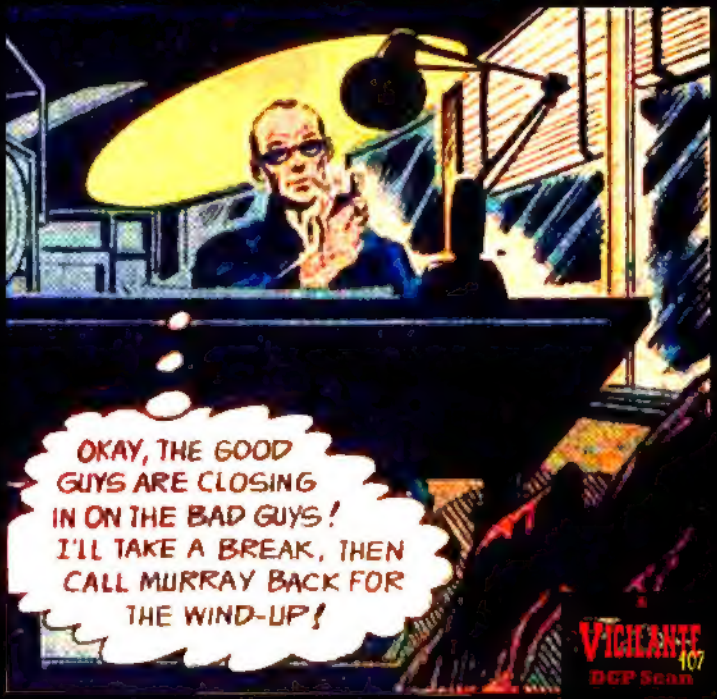
IT'S PART OF MY "CHEER CAMPAIGN" TO BRIGHTEN UP THE OFFICE.
THERE'S NOTHING - -LIKE THE SMELL OF FRESH FLOWERS TO BOOST THE MORALE
AND THEY PUT OXYGEN IN THE AIR
WELL I THINK THEY STINK AND I WON'T WORK IN THIS SISSY PLACE!
DON'T FORGET, I'M THE RANKING OFFICER AND WHAT I SAY IS GOOD FOR YOU IS GOOD FOR YOU!
WELL, I THINK A PUNCH IN THE NOSE WOULD BE GOOD FOR YOU!!
2


GEE, IT'S AWFULLY QUIET OUT THERE..WHAT HAPPENED, SOLDIER?
SARGE SAID HE WAS GOING OUTSIDE TO PLANT A GARDEN
SARGE?!!
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY WHEN SARGE GAVE IN TO LT. FUZZ
MFM MFSH
END

JIM APARO

1932 - 2005

One of the last TRUE comic book professionals


OKAY, THE GOOD GUYS ARE CLOSING IN ON THE BAD GUYS! I'LL TAKE A BREAK, THEN CALL MURRAY BACK FOR THE WIND-UP!
VIGILANTE 107
DCP Scan